

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 25 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
"Whatever you say—Be true!
"Straightforward—act.
Be honest—in fact.
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

If, By Ethel Hallett Porter.
If I were a wee, black kitten,
And went to bed at night,
How would I sleep, I wonder,
Through the long, bright day,
With never a care at all,
How would I sleep and play
In a careless way,
Through attic and chamber, and hall,
If you were a playful puppy,
And I were a baby shoe,
How would I scamper and skip,
Heister-sketter, flop, flip,
In a game of tag, quite new;
With a bob and a dip,
And a hop and a skip,
In a rollicking game for two!

Little Willy on Grand Opera.

By Walter G. Doty.
A fellow comes out an' set on the stage,
An' he hollered an' yelled, an' I
guess he was sick.
Then a lady come out in a turban
and a dress,
An' she hollered an' yelled an' then
gave him a kick.
An' then they both hollered and yelled
and danced,
An' they waved their arms an' they
yipped an' yowled.
Say, maybe you'd like it, but I dun-
no—
I'd lots rather go to a picture show.
An' a boat came bumpin' along a
stream,
An' the banks was made of paper-
mushy.
An' a syren let out a terrible scream,
An' the water-nymphs in a awful
way.
An' then they all hollered and yelled
and yowled.
An' a dog wag got into the audience
howled.
Course maybe you'd like it, but as fer
me,
I'd lots rather be to a circus, you
see.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

I think we'll have a little talk about the cucumber, one of the old garden vegetables, which was cultivated 3,000 years ago in Egypt; and the Israelites were so fond of them that they missed them when they were in the wilderness and found fault with Moses because he couldn't supply them.
The oldest writer on agriculture gives instructions for artificially growing them. And one of the emperors of Rome—Tiberius—was so fond of them that he had them served on his table every day in the year.
The cucumbers we see are green, then ripen to yellow; and old writers describe cucumbers as being of wax-color, or black, so it has been very much improved; and the ancient growers used to soak the seed in milk and honey for two days so as to make them pleasant to the taste—we use vinegar and pepper upon them for the same purpose.
It was called cucumber in olden times and no one can tell why, unless at some time it was fed to cows as roots are fed now. There is no defense for pronouncing the first syllable cu—cow.
The cucumber spread to all countries from Egypt and is a popular food everywhere on earth. In the interior of Russia in September they

said Johnnie.
"Suppose I can't find the shortest way, what then?"
"I can't walk all night, anyway," answered Johnnie.
"No, no, well, camp out, Johnnie!"
"I shouldn't dare to, Frank!"
"There's nothing in the woods to hurt us," said Frank.
He was still puzzled. Every part went deeper and deeper into the forest. He couldn't find one familiar spot. At last he said it was useless to try any longer. He might go further from home. Still cheerful, he said: "Here'll be a good place to camp in."
"Why, Frank, can't you find any way home?" said Johnnie in alarm.
"I'm afraid not tonight," Frank said. Suddenly they were struck by loud shouts. But as the sound came nearer, Frank recognized his father's voice and answered the call back.
In a few minutes both boys were clinging to their father's hands.
NORWICH.

One bright summer five little children were playing on a sandy beach. Some of them were digging holes for the high tide to fill and some were watching the boats sailing out in the Sound.

The two older boys were feeling unhappy because they wanted so much to go for a sail, but all the fishermen were too busy to take them, and kind Skipper Jim was nowhere to be found. The children loved him because he took them out often in his little dory.

"Oh, let's go home," cried one of the boys, when behold, just above the roofs of the fish houses, the old brown sail of Skipper Jim's boat came in sight, and there was no more talk of going home.

In a few minutes they were all aboard and sailing away over the blue water as happy as five little children could be.
LORIANNE L. MARTIN, Age 12.
Plainfield.

THE OLIVE ORCHARD.

Once there was a farmer who had three sons that didn't like to work. The farmer had a big farm. When he thought it was his time to die he called his sons to him and said:

"There is a pot of gold in the orchard if you want it. Dig for it."
After the father died they went to the orchard and began at one end digging to the other end but didn't find the pot of gold.

They said: "Some one must have stolen it."
The next season they had a nice orchard of olives. They sold them and got a nice pot of gold. Then they knew what their father meant.

JOY HENSHAW, Age 11.
Colchester.

Tame Humming Birds.

No one would think it an easy thing to tame a humming bird, and yet it has been done. A few years ago, Mass., in one summer had four little humming birds in her house, which in some degree became tame.

First she found two in the nest and they were nearly starved to death. The parent birds had left them, and perhaps had been killed by some bird prey. The nest was in a flower, and the birds were very tame.

The first thing she did was to make a thick syrup of sugar and water and fed them with a small quill. She was delighted to find that they drank it eagerly and it suited them very well.

They grew in size and strength. In time they learned to sip it up themselves, out of a little dish.

The lady would not imprison them in a cage, so she put nets over all the windows, and let them fly at large. They were very tame. Their favorite perch was a loop in the strings of a window curtain. Here they always passed the night, and here they liked to swing in the day.

The plumage on their heads and backs were green, each feather tipped with golden brown, which gave him a changeable appearance. Their wings and tails were black with a narrow white stripe around the tail. The throat and breast were white speckled with black. Nature had made them very beautiful.

One of them was stronger, bolder, and larger than the other two. He was therefore supposed to be a male, so he was named Robbie. The other two were called Jeanie. One morning poor little Robbie was missing.

A long search was made but he was found in a sweeping machine. He was taken out in a forlorn condition, and though tenderly nursed, he died in a few days.

The lady mourned for his death, and Jeanie seemed to do so also; she was restless and uneasy, and kept near to her mistress than usual. Jeanie, like Robbie, came to an untimely end. One morning her mistress found her fluttering and nearly drowned in a little water which had been left in a wash basin. In spite of her careful nursing she died after a few days.

ALICE F. BURRILL, Age 15.
Stafford Springs.

The Wooden Bowl.
There was once an old man whose knees were so weak he could not just walk. He could see and hear but little, and he did not have any teeth.

When he sat at the table he could hardly hold his spoon in his hand and after he split soup upon the table cloth. His son and son's wife were angry with him. After a while they made him eat and the stove and eat out of a little earthen bowl, and what was still worse they did not give him enough. At such times the old man would look towards the table and his eyes would fill with tears.

At one time his hands were so weak he could not hold his bowl and it fell to the floor and broke in pieces. His son's wife scolded him sharply while the old man moaned a little, but said nothing more.

Then they bought him a cheap wooden bowl and made him eat out of that. Once when the young man and his wife were sitting in their room, the old man who was about five years old brought in a block of wood.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked his wife.

"Oh," said the boy, "I'm going to make a little trough out of it, for father and mother shall eat when I grow up to be a man!"

The boy's father and mother looked at each other a moment and then cast down their eyes with shame. Their father did not eat again in the corner. They helped him to chair by the table and let him eat with them; and they found no fault if he split soup upon the table cloth.

BERTHA N. BURRILL, Age 14.
Stafford Springs.

The Boys and the Apples.
One day Dick and Ben went for a walk. At the end of a long lane they came to an orchard in which there grew some apple trees. The apples looked good and ripe and Ben said he wished he could have some.

"So do I," said Dick.
"We'll get some," said Ben.
"No, they are not ours," answered Dick.

"But they will be when we get them," laughed Ben.

"No, for the first we must steal the apples so they cannot be ours."

"No one will see us; and if you are afraid to come with me, I will climb over the hedge and get the apples."

"Can stand there, and if the man comes

around, you whistle and I will run back," said Ben.

"I could not do that, Ben, for it would be wrong to stand by and see you steal, or to whistle to warn you should the man come. I should then be as bad as you," replied his friend.

"How good you are," said Ben. "You can do as you like, and I shall go and get some apples."

So Ben climbed over the hedge, and thought he was safe.

The owner of the orchard was behind the hedge and had heard all the boys had said. The man had a switch, and as soon as Ben's foot touched the ground he caught hold of him by the collar, and gave him a whipping.

"There," said the owner, "I will teach you how to lay hands on what is not your own!"

Ben was smarting from head to foot, but he made off as fast as he could and ran back to Dick who had seen and heard all.

"Come around to the gate," my lad," said the man to Dick, "and I will give you as much of the new dress as you like, and an honest boy and one your father and mother may be proud of."

Dick went up to the gate and the man was as good as his word.
MARY A. BURRILL, Age 12.
Stafford Springs.

My Sister Laura's Birthday.
Monday was my little sister's birthday. She was two years old. I gave her a new dress. She had a happy day.

We have some kitties, a big kitty and three little ones. They are very nice. Their names are, the white one Snowball, because he is white like snow. The other two are black like a nigger. Blacky and Lily. I like cats very much.

We also have four rabbits. The cats are twenty-five rabbits. It was very bad, the cats. I like them.
ERNEST M. MATHIEU, Age 13.
Columbia.

Lost in The Woods.
One day my friend and I were out in the woods. We were picking flowers, when all at once I saw a rabbit. I left my friend picking flowers. I chased the rabbit for a mile when all at once it disappeared and I know not where he went.

When I remembered my friend I was lost. So I sat down and soon fell asleep.

My friend waited for me and saw that I didn't come, so she went and told my father and mother she thought that I was lost. My father and my mother's friend went out in search of me and found me sound asleep.

They brought me home and laid me in my bed where I slept some hours and woke up. I thought I was in the woods when I found myself in my own bed.

Later in the day I said to my mother, "I will never go to the woods again, my mother and my friends."
TILLIE R. WOLK, Age 13.
Norwich.

Rob Jackson's Dog.
One day Rob Jackson was playing with his dog, named Jack, near a little bridge.

He picked a stick into the mill pond, for Jack to get it.

Jack jumped into the water, but the wheel was in full motion, and Jack was drawn in towards the mill.

Rob was afraid Jack was going to be drowned, and he was just about to jump in after him when one of the mill boys called to him.

"Wait a bit," said the man, and he held out a long pole to Jack who clung to it with his teeth, and was drawn out of the water.

JOHN WIENESKE, Age 10.
Yantic.

The Story of the Old Tree Told.
I can remember when I was a little green acorn and hung on the highest branch of a huge oak, looking for over the green valleys, and up into the bright sunlight.

One night a storm came up and blew the black branches to and fro, and very soon I went tumbling and bumping from limb to limb, landing on the soft grass below with many other acorns.

I lay there on the ground for a few days, then I was picked up by a little girl and carried away in her basket.

There I stayed for over a week going wherever the little girl went.

When she was walking in the pasture one day she happened to put her hand in her pocket and found me there. She took me out and threw me as far away as she could.

I dropped in the open pasture, and every time it rained I was washed more and more into the soft earth, and very soon I was forgotten.

Every day I grew stronger and in about a year I was two feet tall.

The little girl often came to the pasture and she always came to look at me and thought what a great tree I would become some day.

In about twenty years I was twenty-five feet tall, and had large spreading branches. Children came to swing on my low, limber branches and I became more and more loved as the years went by.

The little girl who threw me away when I was an acorn and gave me such a lovely home and happy life is now an old lady, but she does not know how I came to be here.

EVELYN E. WOODWARD, Age 13.
Columbia.

The Thoughtful Mother.
The most thoughtful bird mother that I know of was a goose which Franklin tells us about.

He says this goose had made her nest in the kitchen of the farmhouse and she was the only one of the fowls that came in there to nest.

But after she had been sitting on her eggs a few days she began to peck them and go out of the room and waddle slowly to the yard where the rest of the geese were.

The she took us to a younger goose and after some quacking she turned and walked back, the other geese coming with her. She came into the kitchen followed shyly by the other geese which had never been in the room before.

Then the old one went up to the nest laid on the ground beside it, while the younger one climbed into the nest and sat down on the eggs.

In a short time the mother goose was dead, while the other remained on the nest and brought up the brood.

Mansfield.
MARY RYBIC.

The Old Fashioned Cottage.
In a very lonely town, where the large pine trees blow in the breeze, and the beautiful white stream, glides and ripples along in the sunshine, there dwells two kind-hearted persons, who are members of the "Wide Awake Inn."

On coming near the cottage you can see the smoke from the large red chimney ascend in the air in large white clouds, and then the happy smiling faces ready to greet you.

Then as you are led in the house, you see a pretty little stove in the corner, shining with cleanliness, and the table with four or five chairs around it.

You are instantly seated and given something to eat, then shown about in the other rooms.

On the first floor in from the kitchen is shown a large fire-place and two rocking chairs with a lounge to match. Then there is the two bed-rooms and

pantry. You then go up a flight of stairs and come to four large bedrooms kept for company only.

Around the house the rose vines climb, and the air is scented with the sweet perfume of the dahlias growing along the wall.

At night when you leave you are bidden good-bye and told to come again where you will always be welcomed.

ANGIE WHITE, Age 15.
Stafford Springs.

His Parade.
Little Boy Blue was sitting on a post waiting for his father to pass by, for it was Memorial Day. He always wore a little blue suit and a little blue cap, and that was why he was called "Little Boy Blue," although his real name was Henry.

"I wish they would let me march," he said, drumming his heels against the post. "I wish they would let me march." He was so sad that he had some flowers. So he hopped down from the post, and filled his chubby fists with large white daisies, and butternuts that he looked as if they had just been varnished, they were so bright and shining. Little Boy Blue thought they were the prettiest flowers in the world.

By this time he heard the music and could see the flags just coming into sight at the end of the long street. Nearer and nearer they came, and the drums made such a delightful noise that the little fellow could hardly keep his feet still. He was so happy when the parade got opposite to him he could keep still no longer and he cried out:

"Oh, do let me march, my grandpa was a soldier."

"To be sure," said one of the men. "He was our old captain." The tall soldier took the little boy by the hand, and they marched along the street together.

The flags waved, the band played its best, and even the drum major was as proud and happy as Little Boy Blue.

PAULINE SMOLOWITZ, Age 12.
Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED

Building a Pigmie Country.
Dear Uncle Jed:—My brother and I came up from the city of New York to board in the country. We wanted something to amuse ourselves with. At first we thought of building a tree house; but we have been building a "Pigmie Country" which I am going to tell you about.

We started in by laying out farms and roads. At first we only had two or three houses, and small roads, and we have improved to better roads, and better farms and houses.

The houses are made of wood and are not over one story high. We have two post offices, two stores, a lively stable and several other out buildings.

We have three lines of railroad. A street car line, a freight line and a passenger line.

There are two automobiles on the place.

And then the brook runs near. On it we have a saw-mill, and we have steam boats, too.

There are two flying machines to be built.

And many a happy time have we had there.

ARTHUR S. MERRIFIELD, Age 12.
Saltic.

A Surprise Party.
Dear Uncle Jed:—Once there were 2 little boys, a boy and a girl, their names were Katie, Louise and Dicky, and they lived in the country. Not far from their house lived an old lady and her name was Mrs. Jones.

It was coming New Year's and the children thought it would be nice to give her a surprise, because they knew she didn't have anything. These children had been saving their pennies for most two months and they had \$5.00 saved. When it was time to use it they didn't know just what to give this lady.

But Louise thought it would be nice to get her some sugar, coffee, tea, and some other things, and so they got those things for her.

But Dicky didn't give his pennies to the girls, but he got one of his father's pennies, and he gave it to the old lady, and he put his pumpkin in his little cart and started off for the old lady's house.

Other children saw him, and they asked him where he was going with that pumpkin and he said, "Going to give it to the lady," and they thought he was a fool.

But when he got to her house he gave her the pumpkin and she opened the top. And hidden in the bottom was \$5.00, and with it was a note saying with this money you can buy some wood from Dicky Dicks."

MILDRED ELLER, Age 14.
Norwich Town.

Rosie's Tango.
Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my dog. Her name is Tango. She will be eight weeks old today. She has one ear brown and the other is white with brown spots. One eye is brown and the other is white. She has also brown spots on her back.

ROSIE HALLOWELL, Age 12.
Augusta, Me.

How She Made Fudge.
Dear Uncle Jed:—We have had a lot of rain here this week. It was raining here the other afternoon and as I did not have much to do so I thought I would make some fudge. It turned out pretty good, being the first time I had made it.

I am sending a copy of the recipe I used.

Chocolate Fudge.—One cup granulated sugar, 1-2 cup milk, butter size of egg, 2 ounces unsweetened chocolate 1 teaspoon vanilla. Boil the mixture until it will make a soft ball when dropped in the kitchen of water. Remove from the fire, beat until thick, adding the vanilla while beating. Pour into buttered pans, mark in squares and set aside to cool. Hope you will like it. Write me if you may try this recipe and report.

JESSIE BREHAUT.
East Norwich, N. Y.

Our Picnic in the Woods.
Dear Uncle Jed:—I have read the Wide Awake stories so often and liked them so well, I thought I would write you about our picnic in the woods. At the close of school our teacher told us if we all brought ten cents we would invite the fifth grade and have a picnic in the woods. So on the eighteenth of June in the morning we started off about quarter of ten, and we got home about half past eleven.

We had cake, candy, peanuts and ice cream. We played all sorts of games.

We thanked the teacher very much for having such a good time and she was glad to know we all had a good time.

I hope if some of the Wide Awake's go to a picnic they will have as good a time as we did.

EDNA MAY BALDWIN, Age 11.
Taftville.

The Nathan Hale Monument.
Dear Uncle Jed:—I've had a birthday since I wrote you last spring. My birthday is July 4th. If there are any of your friends who have their birthday on July 4th I would like to have them write to me.

I was interested in the piece about Nathan Hale the Bulletin because his monument is only two miles from my home. I was over there December 1st, it is only a few steps from Lake-side Park.

When we were coming out of the

Summer Clearance Sale

HUMMER WINDOW SCREENS

18x33 worth 25c.....	15c
24x33 worth 30c.....	20c
24x37 worth 35c.....	25c
28x37 worth 40c.....	30c

LAWN MOWERS

\$3.00, reduced to.....	\$2.50
\$3.50, reduced to.....	\$2.75
\$4.00, reduced to.....	\$3.25
\$4.50, reduced to.....	\$3.50

GARDEN HOSE

25 ft. lengths, 1/2 inch, 5-ply.....	\$2.00
50 ft. lengths, 1/2 inch, 5-ply.....	\$3.75
50 ft. lengths, 3/4 inch, 4-ply.....	\$4.25
50 ft. lengths, 3/4 inch, 5-ply.....	\$4.50
50 ft. lengths, 3/4 inch, 6-ply.....	\$6.00

GRASS SHEARS

25c Grass Shears.....	19c
50c Grass Shears.....	39c

FRUIT JARS AND ALUMINUM

PRESERVING KETTLES

The Household

Bulletin Building, 74 Franklin Street

cemetery, as the old soldiers went past the monument an old soldier took aim at clear off and held it in his hand until he got by.

My great grandfather brought the top stone of the monument from Norwich with several other old soldiers. I saw my name in the Bulletin where we were down to the camp ground having a Sunday School picnic. We had a very pleasant time that day.

I received a five year pin last January from the Sunday school where I go and haven't missed one since.

This morning (Sunday) thirty-eight soldiers went past my home with their saddle bags. They came from Hartford and camped last night in Bolton. They were going to Hampton to camp. They had a horn and a flag. It was a very pretty sight.

ARTHUR M. REYNOLDS, Age 13.
Eagleville.

Whistling Develops Lungs.
A doctor has discovered that whistling is good for the health. It fills the lungs with invigorating oxygen, and this revivifies flagging spirits and flabby muscles. Boys are prone to be broader chested than girls, and better constructed for deep muscular tones because of the lung exercise which accompanies whistling, and one of the first things they try to do when they've passed babyhood is to whistle.

Thy Fellow Man.
Carve your name on hearts, and not on marble.—Charles Spurgeon.

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